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"HE DECLARED PARTICULARLY WHAT THINGS GOD HAD WROUGHT AMONG THE
GENTILES. AND WHEN THEY HEARD IT, THEY GLORIFIED THE LORD."—*Acts* xxi. 19, 20.

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oldest, dating as far back as 1865. Lately a similar fund has been started by the Worcester County C.M.S. Union. These funds do not draw from the ordinary Parochial Associations, but are raised by special subscriptions given by the members of the Union. Here is the list:—

Derbyshire County Fund, for maintaining an additional missionary	£175
Worcester County Union Fund, for support of a missionary	220
Croydon Fund, for supporting additional missionary	116
Bedford, for support of a Bedford missionary.	124
St. George's, Tufnell Park, "Our Own Missionary" Fund	43
Christ Church, Summerfield, Birmingham, to support lady missionary in West Africa	62
St. Mary's Chapel, Reading, "Our Own Missionary" Fund.	116
Bath Abbey, for support of lay evangelist in the Gond Mission	67
Glenageary Gleaners' Union, to support lady missionary in Japan	50
Royal Irish Constabulary, to support lady missionary in West Africa	80

Fourthly, there are seven contributions in the List of Benefactions given above, for maintaining a substitute, amounting together to 1375*l*.

Altogether, contributions are given to the Society for the support of *forty-three missionaries*. Fifty-three others draw no allowances, and seventeen only partial allowances. And eight are supported by Colonial Associations. These figures, let it be borne in mind, are taken from the Report, and therefore do not include several missionaries supported in the same ways who have been added to the List since March 31st.

Our object being merely to present facts, we do not here suggest inferences from them. Indeed they seem to us to carry their own moral so plainly, that no comments are necessary. In another article we propose to examine the Association returns from the English Counties. E. S.

SOME RESULTS OF THE LATE MOHAMMEDAN CONTROVERSY.

BY DR. H. MARTYN CLARK.



N concluding an account of the controversy with Mohammedans, published some months ago in the *Intelligencer*, I observed that we had not yet heard the last of the Holy War. Since its close in June, 1893, much has taken place whereof we can say, "The Lord hath done great things for us."

For one thing, the unique interest then aroused has during the past year steadily widened and deepened. The battle with Islam has waxed sore, the sap and mine and storm have been continuous. Books, placards, manifestoes, pamphlets, have followed each other in quick succession, and so far from dying away, the inquiries and energies aroused are to-day keener and more active than ever. The way in which it has all come about is as wonderful as it was unexpected, for in one sense we owe it all to the Mohammedan champion himself.

It will be remembered that this person, Mirza Ghulam Ahmed, concluded with a prophecy. A direct revelation from God was vouchsafed him—within fifteen months, counting one month for each day of the discussion, the Christian opponent, Mr. Abdullah Athim, would die. His death would thus be a direct evidence sent by God to the truth of Islam—His decision, in fact, between the rival creeds. He uttered imprecations against himself in

painful abundance, some horrible, others grotesque, should the prediction fail. In a later revelation, as I am informed, he was good enough to include me with Mr. Athim as one of the doomed unless we both repented and became true believers, that is to say Mohammedans. Those who live in our enlightened homeland, and know not the ways of the East, can have no conception of the immense force and effect of this solemn and categorical declaration amongst the masses in this dark, superstitious, ignorant country.

The Mirza showed a ready wit, a profound understanding of human nature, and withal no little shrewdness. Worsted in argument, by one bold, effective act he appealed to the bar of God. He saw before him an old, feeble, ailing man. Two Indian hot weathers, a cold weather deadly to the feeble, two sickly seasons, were embraced in the "prophecy." While by the better class of Mohammedans the statement was regarded with disgust, it sent a thrill through the whole heart of Islam in India. It is impossible to express the hold it has taken on the public mind. It is a plain, clear issue; it is no longer a war of words, or a drawing of distinctions—a sign from heaven is to be vouchsafed: "Yea, God Himself shall decide in this controversy." It has been the theme of converse, of close attention during the past year. From Madras to Peshawur, through the length and breadth of broad India, thousands upon thousands of men have been watching with thoughts intent on the far northern city where Islam had thrown down the wager of battle, and where God Himself would decide.

As I write, the days are swiftly speeding by and the crisis is now intense beyond words. A bare month is all that remains and the heavens are still as brass. The anxious thought of Mohammedan hearts is, Will the sign come—will Islam be vindicated? In the Mirza's mosque at Qadian, prayer is offered all day long and far into the night, with crying and tears: "O God, save Islam. It is the hour of darkness. Let not Thy faith be put to shame—let the sign be given." What a pathetic picture it is of zeal, but not according to knowledge—of children crying in the night, worshipping they know not what.

Small things show how greatly the Mohammedans are losing heart. One produced consternation at a public meeting by announcing to his co-religionists that he had seen Mr. Athim in a distant city, and not only was he looking very well, but in addition "he had grown fat." Another has had a special revelation in which Mohammed had announced to him that the Mirza was a liar and deceiver, he had displeased God, and Mr. Athim would not die but live. The evident pity of it is that Mohammed did not make this announcement for the benefit of his followers some fourteen months ago.

I have dwelt somewhat in detail on these things, for I think it has still to be realised that Islam with us is not solid, immovable, impregnable. It is sore beset, and in dire straits, and the minds of men are just now being tossed hither and thither in an unprecedented way: and of this the Mirza has been the instrument. Once again Satan has overreached himself. This "prophecy" has been permitted and has been overruled to do incalculable good. Without it the controversy would, after a few days' talk, have passed into the number of the things that have been. The prediction has, on the contrary, rivetted men's minds, and driven the truths discussed home. There has been no passing interest and after that oblivion; but, thanks to the Mirza, a most interesting and important crisis has been evoked, and he and Islam now tremble on the brink of the pit which he dug for others.

The situation has had its anxieties. Peaceful in the full assurance that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, we have yet had to take due thought of means. The Apostle Paul, while he assured his fellow-travellers

that no harm should come to them, yet when the sailors would have deserted, said, "Unless these remain in the ship ye cannot be saved." Unremitting care has had to be exercised, and the need is now greater than ever. In a certain quarter it has been decided, as I am informed by a sure hand, that "it is better one man should be hanged than that Islam should perish." Islam, as all its history shows, is the true outcome of the mind of him who was "a murderer from the beginning"; and while such threats in all probability amount to nothing, still they have to be reckoned with. Some months ago the Mirza had a revelation that the death foretold would result from snake-bite. A few days after, in the early morning as the doors were opened, a tempting-looking earthen vessel was found against one of them. It was upset by the servant, whose feelings may be imagined when the contents proved to be an exceedingly lively cobra! The pot had been deposited during the night at the door of a gentleman who bears the same name as Mr. Athim, by some person unknown. We go through the days confident in Him who hath us in the hollow of His hand, in nothing terrified by our adversaries. We rejoice in all that He has done, and look on it as the earnest of much that is to come.

Another most important vantage gained has been the publication of two books by the Rev. Moulvie Imaduddin Lahiz, D.D. This staunch veteran has struck many a good blow in the fight, but never such an one as this. The first, entitled *Tauzin ul Aqal*, is altogether a remarkable work. It is a scathing exposure of the claims of the Mirza. The criticisms on Mohammedanism are as trenchant as they are unanswerable and unique. Better than all, the claims of Christ are urged on Mohammedans in a way profoundly impressive. The Mirza is shown not even to possess the poor merit of originality; he is merely an imitator of three master-minds who have gone before him. In plain words, Dr. Imaduddin exhorts the Indian Government not to forget its past troubles with Wahabis, and to have a watchful care of this new light of Islam. Concerning Islam, Dr. Imaduddin shows from the Koran itself and other trustworthy Mohammedan sources, that if the Koran be a revelation at all, it is not divine, "from beneath and not from above." This is a unique line of argument, and a very extraordinary and hitherto unnoted verse of the Koran bears out this view in its entirety. The treatment of the third point I have mentioned is singularly interesting. I may give an instance from an unimpeachable Mohammedan authority, one of the most famous books of a famous doctor of Islam; pious, learned, orthodox, he gives the doctrine of the Trinity in its fulness and beauty. The book was written some centuries ago by Abdul Karim Jilani; it is called *Insani Kamil* (The Perfect Man). In treating of the nature of God, the writer considers at length the nature of the angel called "Al Ruh" (The Spirit) in the Koran, who is to judge all men at the last day. Who is he? What is he? His reasoning and conclusions are startling. After a long discussion Jilani says, "Understand thou he is no created being, but from everlasting," and his conclusion is that Al Ruh, who corresponds to the "Angel of the Lord of Scripture," is the manifestation of the invisible God. This book of Moulvie Imaduddin's has produced a profound sensation; it ought to be mastered by all who have to do with Mohammedans.

But important and thrilling as it is, it is quite thrown into the shade by the next publication, which is nothing less than a translation of the Koran in simple idiomatic Urdu. That is a blow under which Islam will reel for many a day. Its safety hitherto has been that its "holy" book was shrouded in unapproachable Arabic, or in cumbrous, ambiguous, translations. This literal, faithful rendering has produced dire consternation. The Moulvie says, "I

am now old and grey-haired. I thought I knew the Koran, but I never knew the iniquity of it as I do now." There is panic in the enemy's camp. "The faithful" have turned in savage wrath on the Mirza as the destroyer of souls and the ruin of Islam, the one of "black countenance" who humbled Islam to the dust, unable to answer Christians, and who has stirred them up to do what would otherwise have been undone. The Mirza is now being baited by his co-religionists in a way most unpleasant, and full of the most uncomfortable possibilities. Sooth to say, Mohammedans have reason for their wrath. This letting in of a flood of light, this letting the Koran tell its own story in the mother-tongue of the people, is a disaster the result of which cannot be gauged. Fury mingles with the terror of Mohammedans: Moulvie Imaduddin's life has been several times threatened, but this stout old warrior merely says, "Let them kill me as soon as they will. I have done my work, and no one can undo it; I have done that which will kill Islam." This translation will be a shocking revelation to many minds, and perhaps a lesson to those who are inclined to look on Mohammedanism as so far a step Godward. One thing has struck the Moulvie Sahib much. "In the Scripture record," says he, "we find men who do not believe on Christ, but who cannot restrain their admiration for Him. They marvel at His wisdom; they go away conscience-stricken, silenced, humbled. They burst out into an involuntary 'Never man spake like this man,' or 'Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the breasts that thou didst suck.' But of this man Mohammed, all through the Koran not a soul has a good word to say of any kind: he is charged with evil and fraud, and only evil, continually." While still in the press the translation has borne fruit. Two Mohammedan copyists engaged in preparing the press copy have abandoned Islam in sheer disgust. "The word of God!" say they; "it is not even the word of a decent man!"

The unanimity of all converts from Islam concerning that religion is emphatic and startling. "Earthly, sensual, devilish," is invariably in effect their deliverance. Not one of them has ever found it aught else but an evil and debasing thing. They have not felt the genial influences or vitalising power of any of the truths it is supposed to contain. The statement that it has such truths is in itself a revelation to them, and when they hear such have been discovered to exist, their answer, to that and other theories now rather the fashion concerning Islam, is a pitying smile, and a "Well! well! It was our faith, and that of our fathers before us; we do not know of these things, nor have we so found it." As for its being a help towards God and good, it has been their sorest hindrance in the way of life. It has made the acceptance of Christian truth all the more difficult, and the Christian life infinitely harder. One of our best Native pastors sorrowfully said, "After many years of Christianity the poison of Mohammedanism still works in our muscles and makes us weak." They err who think Islam a development, an advance from a lower to a higher plane. It is in reality a retrogression, a degeneration from a higher to a lower state. I took one convert to task for his unbridled speech. His reply was: "My father, you can afford to speak kindly of the thing. You were never steeped to the lips in that mire as I have been. Were it not for God's great mercy, where should I be now!"

The publication of these books marks an epoch, and had there been absolutely no other result than this from the Controversy it would have been well worth all the effort; but there have been other results in plenty, and the best have yet to be told. We have had the joy of seeing results of the kind we specially long for. It is just now a time of great and peculiar blessing in the Amritsar Medical Mission, and the work and the blessing are at the present almost wholly amongst Mohammedans. The fruits of the Contro-

versy are steadily being garnered to the Harvest of the Lord. With the exception of three Brahmins, one Sikh, two low castes, the reaping is entirely amongst Mohammedans. At the present moment six are under instruction for baptism, and seven have already been baptized as the direct outcome of the discussion. The men are all remarkable persons.

The first to come forward was the Jandiala youth who had been the *fons et origo* of the discussion. He was sent to a place of safety, and in due time his wife and family were enabled to join him; all are now rejoicing in the Church of Christ. The history of his wife illustrates some aspects of Mission work. After her husband's escape and confession, she was closely guarded by her relatives—so closely, that after many months of waiting, hope of her joining him was well-nigh dead. At last her opportunity came. She went one day with her two children to her aunt's house at the other end of the town. Her father-in-law accompanied her. She went in, he sat outside on a shop ledge and smoked. She gave her two children to a niece, saying, "If you will take these to so-and-so (a Christian) you will get sixpence." The little girl trotted off by a back door, and the mother came boldly out by the front. She walked past her father-in-law, who observed, "She can't be running away, she hasn't the children with her," and smoked on. In five minutes she and her bairns were under weigh. It was a Hindu festival; many men were about. In another five minutes the alarm was given and a hot chase begun. Pursued and pursuer whirled along to Amritsar at mad speed, separated only by about a hundred yards the whole of the eleven long miles of the race. As they got to Amritsar the pursuing horse helped the woman; he stopped dead at his accustomed stand, while the woman's cart raced on. Some precious minutes were spent in trying to overcome the *vis inertiae* of the horse; then the pursuers vaulted on to another cart, the horse of which promptly backed into a ditch. In these precious few minutes they lost sight of the fugitives, who were shot into my study with a "Here they are!" It was a time for prompt action. In half an hour the train left for the distant haven of refuge where her husband was, and momentarily I expected the pursuing relatives. In a few minutes some sturdy, trusty friends were on their way to the station to be about in case of trouble. Shortly after the woman was on her way in one carriage, I casually followed in another. The tickets were taken, the seats secured, and with one eye on the station door, and another on the railway carriage (with which I had no ostensible connexion), I chatted to friends until to our intense relief the last whistle was given and the train steamed out. It was exciting work, much had to be thought of, and many willing hands made the work light. Soon after came the glad news of safe arrival and the baptism of the whole family. It was a bitter cup for Mohammedans. But there was one still more bitter in store.

The next to come forward was a Mohammedan gentleman of education, position, and good family. A trusted friend and apostle of the Mirza, he had been his ambassador to Jandiala. He was one of the embassy to me to settle the rules of the Controversy, and was the secretary in behalf of the Mohammedans while it lasted. The Akhund Sahib, as he is termed, belongs to Buneyr in Afghanistan, beyond the British border. His father settled in the North-West Provinces, and his upbringing has been in the centre of Mohammedan learning and polish at Delhi. A most interesting life his has been. Reared in the straitest sect of Mohammedanism all his life long, he has been zealous for the faith, and, as touching the law, blameless. A true seeker after God, to him the time came when the husks of Mohammedanism could no longer satisfy the hunger of the soul. He wandered far and wide to the holy and learned of Islam, seeking rest and finding none. At last he deter-

mined to leave "the land of the enemy" (*dar ul harb*, i.e. a land where other than Mohammedan rule obtains) and to seek "the land of peace" (*dar ul aman*), where, under a Mohammedan Government, the virtues of Islam might be found in full flower. Beyond the British border there are here and there colonies of fanatics, whose declared purpose it is to "war against the infidel." They are all that remain of the Wahabis, and are recruited still from the ranks of religious enthusiasts and political malcontents in British India. They lose no opportunity of stirring up strife, and have had a long finger in most of our border troubles. The Akhund left all behind him, and set forward to join these zealots; but it was not to be—God's purposes for him were fast approaching maturity. While he waited his opportunity in the frontier town of Peshawar, an emissary of the Mirza met him. He learnt that a great prophet had risen in Islam, that Christ the Blessed had come the second time. He abandoned his journey, went to Qadian, and became the Mirza's disciple. He was trusted with much special work, and had the honour of being the leader in the public prayers in the Mirza's mosque. At the Controversy his belief in Mohammed was considerably shaken. Months after he wrote to me from Meerut. It was the cry of a despairing, perishing soul. He detailed his wonderful life's history, the unrest and sorrow of his heart, and said, "If you have any really strengthening prescription for the soul in your *armamentarium*, let me have it in the name of God." I cannot relate here the subsequent steps by which he was led to the feet of the Saviour, in whom he now rejoices with exceeding joy. His baptism, together with his daughter, was a wonderful occasion. A short sketch of his life, well worthy of translation into English, has been scattered far and wide, and from all sides come letters of grateful thanks, telling us it is "just the thing" for Mohammedans. It is silently doing a great work. The poor Mirza burst forth into torrents of impotent abuse, and found in this baptism another proof of his Messiahship—for was not this Judas Iscariot? This blasphemy did not, however, deceive even Mohammedans, who have not been slow to point out that the second time Christ comes to triumph, not to be betrayed.

It was a very bitter blow; but the unkindest cut of all came a fortnight ago, when the Mirza's own brother-in-law, his near relative and trusted private secretary, was admitted by baptism into the Church visible. A bright young fellow, very highly connected, his, too, is a history worth hearing. I shall here only note that all through the Controversy he was the trusted confidential agent of the Mirza, who, to use the Oriental metaphor, "sat in his lap." Our friend the Akhund has been privileged already to lead four people to Christ. The Mirza's brother-in-law is a fruit of his labour. They had been fast friends. By a remarkable chain of circumstances the Akhund was led to Delhi a few days before his baptism. His heart could not contain itself for joy. He poured out his soul to his friend, the Meer Sahib as he is called. The dumbfounded Meer reasoned, cajoled, reviled by turns, but to his continual, "What has come to you?" the happy Akhund could only reply, "It is the grace of God."

Two young Mohammedans, a Qazi (Mohammedan judge) and a Rajput, were baptized with the Akhund Sahib and the Meer. As I write the arrangements have been completed for the baptism of yet another fruit of the Controversy. He is a fine, young Afghan, from Yusufzai, who has come through the Akhund Sahib. When he heard of the latter's conversion he came to see if it was true. He had served under the Akhund years ago, and knew him to be a true-hearted, devoted Mohammedan. "What is the teaching of thy new faith?" he queried. When he heard the teaching of our Saviour, "Love your enemies," he said, "Stop. This faith is certainly from God. Our

religion teaches us to give hate for hate and blow for blow—and that is just what is in the heart of man—and the religion which teaches it is clearly evolved by man. But ‘love your enemies’ is a thing that never could enter the heart of man, and the religion which teaches that is clearly not of man, but from outside man. It is divine.”

With the young Afghan a Punjab Moulvie is to be baptized. He is blind, yet nevertheless passed first in the examination of the University of the Punjab for the degree of Moulvie Fazil. He has been the incumbent of a mosque, and a teacher of Arabic in connexion with the Islamiya School (Mohammedan school) here, as well as tutor to a wealthy Mohammedan family.

The day now closed has also brought me another promising young Mohammedan inquirer of good family and condition.

The Mirza made one desperate effort to regain lost ground. He announced a book in Arabic, challenged any Christian to produce one like it, offering a reward of Rs. 5000 as a further inducement. He was so proud of this move that he had the notices translated into English and sent them all over the country. Possibly one was posted to Salisbury Square, for in his concluding sentence he asks Societies to recall all missionaries who do not know Arabic—and none do, according to the Mirza—as hopelessly incompetent. He and his friends were jubilant over this semi-blasphemous, altogether nonsensical, production. It fell to my lot to “answer the fool according to his folly.” The pamphlet published in reply is a remarkable instance of what sanctified sarcasm (if I may use the phrase) can do. The elaborate notice fell flat. One volume of the redoubtable Arabic work was issued, and shared the fate of the notices, and the second was stillborn.

It will be realised that we have much to thank God for, and as we, who are in the thick of it, think of all these things, we can only say, out of full hearts, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory.” The best feature of the whole work is that altogether and all through, in things little as well as big, it is “the Lord’s doing, and marvellous in our eyes.”

When once the fated 5th of September is safely passed, as please God it will be, we shall see marvellous things. Men will in hundreds upon hundreds break away from Islam. I do not say they will all, or at once, become Christians; but the grip of Islam on them will be loosened for ever. We are having good times, but better are coming. There is the sound of a mighty rain on the dry clods of Islam: this desert, too, shall blossom as the rose, and its smell be as of a field which the Lord hath blessed.

ADDENDUM.

[The fated day has, of course, now long since passed. Writing on September 1st, Dr. Clark mentioned that a thanksgiving service had been arranged to be held on the 6th, the day after that fixed by the Mohammedan Moulvie for the death of Mr. Athim and of Dr. Clark. The same letter also mentions further baptisms. Up to September 1st, fourteen had been baptized from Mohammedanism, eleven of whom Dr. Clark regards as a direct result of the public discussion; and there were at the same date numerous inquirers, including a Sikh priest and a Brahmin lad, and a large number of low-caste people. The movement is evidently a remarkable one. Remembering as we do the peculiar difficulties which beset all Mohammedan Mission work, we commend these newly-baptized converts, very young in faith and knowledge, and the inquirers, to the earnest prayers of our readers. Those of them who are sincere converts will meet with very much to try their faith and shake their constancy. May He who in His mercy has begun a good work in them continue it by His grace, and keep them from falling when they are tempted to turn aside from their God and Saviour.—ED.]